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no.2

Recollections of My Old
Home Town.

by Morris S. Heagy.

(1736)

ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY.



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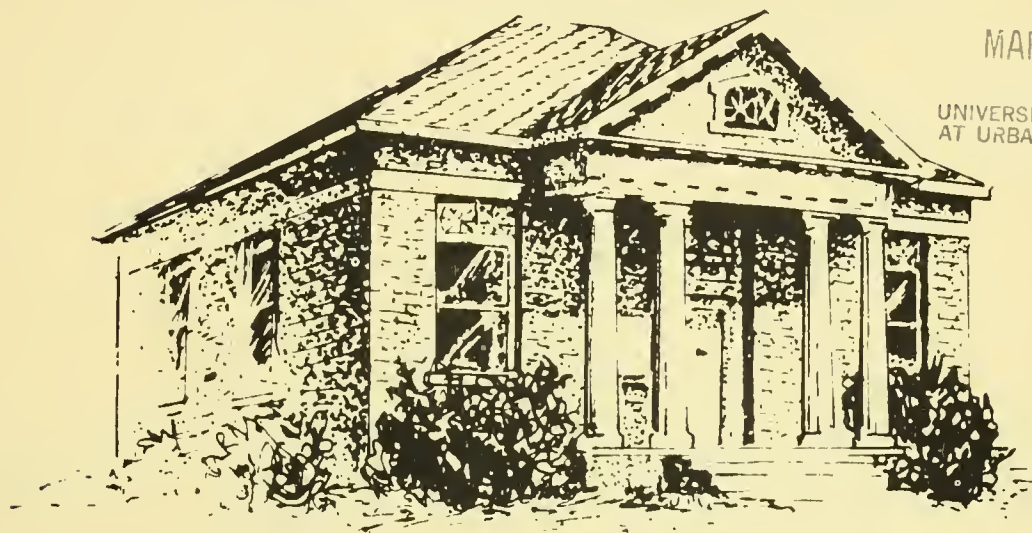
Ill. Hist. Survey

HAMPTON

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HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PUBLICATION NO. 2

Morris S. Heagy was born March 7, 1866, in Hampton, Ill., and died June 7, 1945, in Rock Island, Ill. He spent the early years of his life in Hampton, later moving to Rock Island where he became involved in the banking business, serving as president of Central Trust and Savings Bank of Rock Island, and later Rock Island Bank and Trust. He never forgot his boyhood days and in 1936 put together these reminiscences under the title "Recollections of My Old Home Town", in two volumes. The present publication contains part of the material in the first volume. It is hoped that subsequent publications can bring the remainder of Mr. Heagy's writings to those people interested in times past, particularly the past of Hampton. The material has not been edited in any way and most of the pictures in the original manuscript have been included.

The publications committee of the Hampton Historical Society is indebted to many people in bringing out this publication. Among these are the Rock Island County Historical Society, which owns Mr. Heagy's manuscripts; The Port Byron Globe for the printing, and especially to the author, Morris Heagy, who we feel has here presented some priceless memories. As you read these pages we hope you will feel as we have, that we are reminiscing with an old friend and neighbor about "Our Old Home Town."



RECOLLECTIONS
of
MY OLD HOME TOWN
By
MORRIS S. HEAGY
1936.



M. S. HEAGY



*It is my hope that you will
find something in the following pages
that will bring back to you happy
recollections of the old town we
know so well.*

Morris S. Steagy

For want of a better name, I am going to call what I have written and what I am going to write, "RECOLLECTIONS OF MY OLD HOME TOWN." It is generally said about a man who talks about the past that he is getting old. Be that as it may, I know there is a lot of early history of this town that has been lost, as the people who knew about it are gone, and it was not put on paper; furthermore there is a lot more going to be lost the same way very shortly if something is not done to preserve it. Consequently, I have decided to jot down a few things for my own amusement principally. I want to get them down on paper before I forget them. I have no idea that what I may write will interest many people, but I know of a few who will be glad to read it.

My recollections as I think of them now are pleasant. I try to forget the unpleasant ones. That is a pretty good philosophy anyway. I happen to belong to the "Elks", and their ritual teaches this in the following beautiful words:

"the faults of our brothers we write upon the sand, their virtues upon the tablets of love and memory."

Consequently nothing of the faults of my old neighbors and friends will appear. If they had any faults the record has been washed away by the waves of time, and it is my hope that this will be a tablet of love and memory. The record will no doubt show something of sentiment, much of love for the ones who are gone, and reverence for the old people who came and did so much to establish a good place to live.

The people who came here from seventy to one hundred years ago were most all born and raised in the eastern states, were mostly well educated and had ideas and minds of their own, and were a high class lot of people. They were born with the pioneer spirit. They chose rather than to stay in their home places where things were well established to come out to the boundless west and carve out new homes for themselves in the wilderness. The old pioneers have, of course, all passed on many years ago, and very few of their descendants now live in Hampton. This town has about as many people as it ever had, but the great majority have come here in the last thirty years. They did not know the pioneers and cannot be expected to be interested in who they were, where they lived, or what they did. To the few descendants of the pioneers who may be interested, these "Recollections" are respectfully dedicated.

No attempt is made to make this a history of Hampton, covering all of the people who lived here in the early days; neither will there be accurate dates of when they came here, or exactly when this or that happened. I do not have this

information and have not the time to collect it even if it were available. It is rather just a rambling lot of notes about people, matters, and things set down at odd times as they occur to me. The story will be disjointed and not follow in a chronological order. It is really not a story — just a lot of recollections.

I wish to say here and now that I had a lot of assistance from my good friends, Charlie Sikes and Geo. F. McNabney. Both furnished a lot of information that I either did not have or had forgotten. Most of the pictures which are used to illustrate the text were taken by me while dabbling with amateur photography for fifty years. Many others were loaned to me and I had copies made. Some of them are good, some fair, and many very ordinary. I only wish I had taken more in the early years that now are not available.

Roughly speaking, the first fifty years of Hampton's history were busy, bustling years, full of action and business. The last fifty years business declined until now there is no business activity — just a nice, little quiet town in which to live. Stella Vincent wrote a little poem about Hampton in 1895, which she sent to the Orphan's Club tenth anniversary. I think that it is good and very expressive, and should be preserved; so here it is.

There's a little town that's in my mind,
Close circled by the hills.
With elm and maple shaded streets,
Away from noise of mills.

Where we were born and romped and played.
Where we were girls and boys.
Where river and hills and fields gave up
To us their purest joys.

Life and life's prizes were far away
From us in this little town,
We'd butter and bread but of pie and cake,
There wasn't enough to go round.

So we were pushed out one by one,
As birds out from their nest,
But for holidays we all go back
To the little town to rest.

Then here's to you and here's to me
The Orphans all say I
And here's to the little town under the hills,
With the river flowing by.

S.V.

CHURCHES

As long as I can remember my parents attended the services at the Congregational Church, altho they were not members. They had a regular pew, and contributed to the support of that church. The only minister I can remember is the Rev. Almer Harper of Port Byron. He was a mild mannered, kindly old gentleman, very highly educated. He never spoke extemporaneously, but always wrote his sermons which he read to us every Sunday afternoon. They were no doubt very learned essays on religious subjects, couched in elegant English. We listened to them respectfully (if we could keep awake), but I think that most of it went clear over the heads of his congregation. It was not "casting pearls before swine" exactly, for I doubt that the sermons were pearls, and surely the congregation were not swine. He never lambasted his flock about their sins, and shortcomings, telling them if they did not repent they would be burned in seven kinds of everlasting hell fire, but described the beauties of religious life, and the rewards to come later on. So he was a comfortable sort of preacher to have on the job. He was regularity itself and we could count on the exact minute he would pull up to the church with his little old black horse and buggy and be ready and smiling to take up his weekly task. He kept it up until he got too old to preach and the church never afterwards had a regular pastor.

When I first remember the church the pulpit was in the north end of it, and the choir seats were between the two front doors in the south end. The choir in those days was a good one. L. F. Baker and Deacon Clark, bass; Sam Crompton, tenor; Allie Crompton, alto; Clara Thomas, Ella Ward, soprano, and Mrs. Stoddard played the little melodian. Of course, there were many others that I don't just now remember.

And there are some stories about this little melodian. It seems in the old days there were some peculiar notions held by some people about the propriety of musical instruments in churches. There was a preacher who was what they called in those days a "circuit rider." He ranged around the country holding meetings. He heard about the melodian and did not approve of it. One Sunday he was preaching up in Zuma, and he commented on it as follows:

"I hear the brethren down in Hampton have installed a 'Hell Yelper' in their new church."

This puts me in mind of the story they tell of how these preachers in the early days carried on the singing at their meetings. There were no hymn books with words and music. The preacher had a small book with the words of the hymn. These were all sung to a few well known tunes that fitted the metres of the lines. The preacher would read two lines to the congregation, and they would sing them; then two more, and so on. This was called Lining the hymn.

Then there was another story about the melodian. When they were raising the money to purchase it, various schemes were used as is always necessary. One of the standard methods is church suppers. So the ladies put one on. It so happened that some of the young people of the town were having a dance at Thomas and Baker's Hall on the same evening. The promoters of the dance wanted a supper in connection with the dance, so approached the ladies with a proposal that they serve the dancers a supper after the regular supper was over, say around eleven o'clock. This was accepted; the dancers got their supper, and the ladies made some extra money. Then some of the straight laced church members criticized the action, claiming it was not proper to raise money for a church melodian by holding a dance — but it was used just the same.

They had a rather peculiar custom in those days that sometimes mystified strangers attending the services. The congregation, of course, faced the pulpit, and the choir was behind them. When the choir would sing, the congregation would rise and face about and so stand during the singing; then again all about face and sit down. After the final song, they would turn and face the minister for the benediction. In later years they changed the location of the choir seats and placed them in front at

the minister's left, and that eliminated the about facing. They also got a new organ to replace the old melodian.

Then they got some new singers in the choir. Mr. Baker and Deacon Clark still were bass, and Otto Guckert came in to help. Geo. McNabney and I were tenor, Allie Vincent, Myra Adams, Kate Glanz and Maud Winans, alto, Stella Vincent, Velma Black, Nell Hunter and others sopranos, and Eva Denison organist. About this time new choir music was available, and we always had something new to give them. It was a good snappy choir, and they could sure bear down on some of those anthems. It was the best choir Hampton ever had, even if I was one of them.

Possibly some of the old timers will remember the "old Easter Anthem" this choir sang nearly every Easter. It was written many years ago and was a great favorite of Mr. Baker's. The music was difficult, but it had a wonderful part for the bass, and he loved to bear down on it.

When I was a youngster this church had a good membership. Most of the old settlers who came from New England were Congregationalists and belonged to the church. As the old folks died off and their children moved away, the membership dwindled down until there was just none left and church services



This picture of the Congregational Church was taken by Roy Francis McNabney about 1914. This church was built in 1856 by William Henry Luce, and he probably drew the plan. It is purely New England in design, the lines are good and the proportions harmonious. When it was painted white with green blinds, and the weather vane and the balls above and below it were covered with gold leaf, it looked as tho it might have been picked up from the hills of Maine or Vermont and transplanted out to the banks of the Mississippi. This was as it should be for the builder and most of the early members came from New England, and they wanted a church to remind them of the ones they attended when they were young.

ceased. The church building was built by Wm. H. Luce in 1857, and it was well built. In the days when it had its steeple, two front doors were painted white with green blinds — it was a typical New England church. It had good lines and was well proportioned, and looked well surrounded by the green shade trees.

I well remember when the bell was installed in this church. The people decided that a church without a bell just should not be, so a subscription was taken and the bell purchased. I remember watching it unloaded and hauled to the church, and seeing it hoisted into place. This was superintended by H. O. Norton who was always called upon to do things that no one else seemed to know how to do. He accomplished his task all right, and the church and town had a bell. That was some sixty years ago and the bell has been in use ever since. In the earlier days it always rang at noon. Deacon Clark assumed that duty, and he was very particular that the first stroke of the bell would be exactly noon. Since then, it has called people to Sunday services, prayer meetings, tolled for funerals, and rang for fire alarms, but in these days we hear it very seldom.

Speaking of Deacon Clark makes me remember something that amused me when a kid, and that I thot was very funny. The good deacon was given to wearing squeaky shoes, and on Sunday when he would pass the plate to take up the collection, the church would be very quiet and the squeaks very loud, and I always wanted to laugh. It does not take much to make a kid laugh.

Thinking of the church makes me remember another incident. In the rear was a large shed, which was originally built to house Rev. Harper's old black horse and buggy in stormy or cold weather, and also for the storage of the winters' coal. This incident happened after Mr. Harper left us and the shed was seldom used:

One year on the morning after Hallow Eve, all the gates in the town were missing. Nothing particular was thot about that, as almost anything was likely to happen on that night. It was thot that they would be found somewhere during the day, but they were not, neither were they found the next day nor the next week. The next **spring** some one had occasion to open the shed and there were the missing gates. Every body had fences and gates in those days to keep out the cows that ran at large on the streets so the absence of the gates caused a lot of trouble. No one to this day knows who played that prank except the boys who did it.

Speaking of Hallow Eve pranks I might just as well say that in those days a lot of devilment was carried on that night. Anything that was not locked up was generally found blocks away. Signs were changed, wagons and buggies would probably be found down on the river bank. One morning Fred Wendel's light buggy was found in the alley with a set of wheels from a heavy coal wagon and the buggy wheels gone. One morning our delivery wagon rested on the ridge pole of the barn. Out houses would be tipped over: rain barrels would be on somebody's front porch blocks away. Lumber and cord wood piled up in front of doors and so on. We had a lively lot of boys in town then, and they generally put in many hours of hard work on that night.

I can remember when the Methodist Church was built. Hugh Fullerton and his son Henry had the contract. It was built much as it is today, except the entrance lobby and the seating arrangement. Originally, the steps were on the outside and you came into the lobby on the main floor level, thru doors on each side into the church proper. This made two right angle turns. It was very hard to bring in a casket for a funeral. Later they changed the entrance, making the doors straight ahead, which is much better. The original seating arrangement was two aisles with pews on each side and a double row in the center. When they changed the entrance, they made a center aisle, and narrow aisles on each wall as it is today.

I remember some of the early ministers very well. D. S. McCown came as a young man. He was jolly and full of fun, and he soon got the young people coming to church. He had a young son, Chester, who after he grew up, became a missionary to foreign lands. Then there was G. W. Peregoy, a large red faced jolly man, and he was well liked. He had two daughters about my



The Methodist Church

age. Then there was one minister named Guthrie, whom I remember very well. He came as a young man just out of school. He was a very serious young man, very much impressed with the job he had undertaken, and he seemed to think it was his personal responsibility to make everybody in town tread the straight and narrow path. He went after the job hammer and tongs. He could preach and did. He berated us about our sins, both of omission and commission. He went after us jointly and severally and handled our short comings without gloves. Naturally he was not so popular as some of the more easy going preachers.

I well remember one incident that gave him a particularly bad brain storm. One winter he was holding a revival, and during the progress of these meetings I had the bad luck to have my twenty first birthday. My parents thot as their only son only came of age once that such an occurrence should be celebrated. So they threw a party for me, and all of the young folks were invited. One of the forms of entertainment was playing progressive euchre which was popular along about then. The good preacher was very much opposed to card playing in any form and for any one to hold a card party during his revival was something terrible. He expressed his opinions about it in the pulpit and out, but the party was held nevertheless, and was a success. Then he thot it was his duty to go to the people personally and point out their shortcomings. One day he came into the store to get his mail, and several boys of my age were there, and we were all smoking so he gave us a severe lecture on the sin of using the filthy weed. His sincerity could never be questioned if we did take some exception to his method of getting results.

Revivals or protracted meetings were a regular thing in those days. They were generally put on in the winter time after the holidays. Services were held every evening for several weeks. Ministers from the surrounding towns would come in and help out. One who would always be sure to be there was old Father Hamilton. He lived over near Osco, and was the father of Mrs. H. O. Norton. He would come and stay a couple of weeks during the revival season. He was always a great help to the local minister, for he knew how to get interest aroused in the meetings and keep it going. Many of the old timers will remember the prayers he could make. These meetings were generally well attended and much good was accomplished.

Christmas was always celebrated with a large tree and some times a cantata would be put on. I remember one at the Congregational church at which I was the Santa Claus. It was a cantata with a lot of special music. Santa was to come in at the last and dance around the tree and sing a song. Of course it had all been rehearsed, but it had not been a dress rehearsal. I had on Dr. Hunter's long fur coat, a fur cap and long white whiskers. The whiskers were my undoing when it came to singing. They got

into my nose and mouth, and I could not sing and nearly choked, but I found I could whistle, so I did my dance and whistled the tune. The audience did not know the difference, but the rest of the performers did and had a good laugh at my expense. I also remember how hot I got during that performance. The weather was cold, but the church was hot; the fur coat and cap got very uncomfortable before I got very far, and when it was finished I needed a bath and dry clothes for I was a sight when I got out of that fur coat.

The Catholic church has always been in operation since I can remember. The first church was on the bluff back of where Geo. Wilkin now lives. Then in the mining days their congregation increased, and a much larger church was built on the site of the present church. That church faced west. It burned later on and the present church was built. In the early days they had a resident priest, but in later years this parish was served by the priest living at Rapids City.



The Catholic Church

STORES

Hampton has had many stores in its century of existence or perhaps it would be better to say many storekeepers. The store buildings are not so numerous so will take up each building and note the different men or firms that have operated in them.

BLACK'S STORE—This brick building was erected by Francis Black in 1849. Mr. Black came here in 1841 and operated his store in Capt. Harvey's hotel which was directly across the street from the brick building and burned before I can remember it. The brick for this store was made here by Wm. Thompson. On the page opposite is a bill for labor made by Wm. McEniry to Wm. Thompson for labor in this brick yard. This bill was among Francis Black's papers and I have been told it was during the time the brick was made for Black's store. This may not be true as it was three years prior to the time the store was finished.

Any way the bill is interesting as it shows the rate of wages in those days, some 90 years ago. Wm. McEniry later moved to a farm up on Rock River near Joslyn or Osborn. He was the father of Wm. and Matt McEniry, Lawyers, and Miss Mollie McEniry of Moline. Wm. McEniry was shown this bill and said it was his father's handwriting. This store building was differently planned from the other two brick stores. The store room proper only occupied half of the ground floor, the other half was used for storage as was the basement, second floor, and attic. This made it the largest store in Hampton on account of the number of square feet of floor space used in the store business. This building had and still has an elevator for moving goods between the different levels. I have been told that the counter on the north side of the store room was the same one Mr. Black used in his first store in



Black's Store about 1895. The steam boat is the Verne Swain.

M^{rs} McEniry in a/c with M^{rs} Thompson: Dr
1846, To 59 days work in brick yard at Hampton up
to the 9th day of July 1846, at 13th p^{er} mⁱⁿu^{te} \$29.50
To 15 1/2 days work on 2nd kiln in Hampton from
Aug. 14th to Sept. 12th 1846 at 75 cts p^{er} day — 11.62 1/2
Total — \$41.12 1/2

the Harvey house across the street. Mr. Black carried a complete and extensive stock of goods in this store during the 50s and 60s.

During Mr. Black's pork packing operations he used the basement for storage of pork brot in bulk and barrels. He had a board walk from the cellar door around the building and to the brick building north of the store which he used in pork operations. This building later was the village hall and jail and has since been removed. I hever heard any one say that Mr. Black ever carried on hog killing here. I rather think he contracted with the farmers to deliver the hogs to him dressed. Then he cut them up and processed them into Hams, Shoulders, Bacon, Pickled Pork and Lard. He also had a Warehouse on the wharf for storage of freight going or coming by steamboat.

He was in partnership with Mr. S. L. Brettun under the firm name of Brettun & Black and this might have been at the time the store was built. Later he was in partnership with Dr. M. H. Crapster under the name of Black and Crapster. As long as I can remember he was alone in the operation of the store. The Post Office was located in this store several times. During Mr. Black's store operations many clerks worked for him—my Father, Samuel Heagy, came to him in 1857, R. W. Sikes, L. F. Baker, Henry Thomas, George McNabney, Frank Wells and many others. After Mr. Black retired his son, Walter L. Black, carried on the business for a time. Then the firm of Jackson & Hawkins.

Then the building passed into the hands of Charles E. Sikes, who used it as a shop and storehouse. Then Charlie started the Old Curiosity Shop which has become an institution in our town, a museum of old and historical relics and visited by hundreds of people every year. This museum contains curious things from near and far collected by years of hard work. The things that interest me most are the hundreds of articles used by our early settlers right here in Hampton. Cooking utensils, tools of every description, guns, shoes, hats, pictures, old glassware, dishes and

pottery and Charlie knows the history of every article. He has them marked but he can and will tell you the whole story. This town owes Charlie Sikes a debt of gratitude for collecting and preserving these relics of the past so the children of today can see the things their Grandparents used a century ago.

THOMAS & BAKER STORE — Built by H. F. Thomas and L. F. Baker about 1850 and they operated a general store here until 1861 when they sold out to Samuel Heagy (my Father). He operated alone until 1868 when A. R. Stoddard came in as a partner. They operated here until about 1875 when on account of their extensive coal business they needed more room and bought the Wright Store Building. There were many clerks employed in this store, Wm. Webster, who was in business for himself in Cordova for many years, Harry Wivill who was in business later in Rock Island, Geo. A. Crawford, James Winans, Geo. A. Heagy, David Hunter. After that L. F. Baker and Henry Clark operated this store under the firm name of Baker and Clark. Baker later bought out Clark's interest and took in his sons Howard and Silas and the firm name was L. F. Baker & Sons. Later the sons carried on under the name of L. F. Baker's Sons. The Bakers finally closed the store and moved away and the store was sold to J. F. Oltmann, who operated it for a time. Since his death the store has been vacant.

This building is of interest to me as here my father first started in business for himself. The building has a hall on the second floor which was occupied by various orders, The Modern Woodmen, The G. A. R. and the Mystic Workers. I well remember a home talent entertainment that took place in this hall when I was about 3 years old. Tableaux were very popular in those days and they had one named "The Marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb." The Thumbs were celebrated midgets of those days. I was the bridegroom and my Mother had made me a full dress suit, tail coat, low cut vest and everything. Theo Black was the bride and

The Thomas and Baker Store
as it is today.



she had a white dress with a long train, big bouquet of flowers and all the trimmings. Wm. H. Pettingill was the preacher and he had a long white robe, etc. Theo and I did not know what it was all about and were pretty badly scared but we got through it some way. All I can remember about it was the clothes I had and standing there before Mr. Pettingill and thinking how very tall and funny he looked in that white robe and wondering what he was going to do to us. It was also remarkable that we stood up together in a real marriage ceremony some 20 years after. They also had dances in that hall before the days Crompton's Hall was built.

THE M. W. WRIGHT STORE — This brick store was built about 1850 and Mr. Wright carried on an extensive business up to about 1868. He also had a large frame building called the "Pork House" just south of the store. This was two stories and a large basement. In this building he carried on his pork packing operations. I have also heard that they had a frame building on the wharf where they killed hogs. After Mr. Wright closed up Bars Schurtleff and ran a store for a short time. The store was vacant for a time. H. O. Norton had a room finished off in the second floor where he lived. Then William Firman operated a Drug Store there for a time, about 1875. Then about 1876 Heagy

to work the combination of the safe in the blinding smoke and heat. He got it open after several trials and we removed the valuables and saved most of the books and papers.

I can remember some of the clerks in this store, George A. Heagy, James Winans, Isaac Miller. Isaac Miller was an Englishman, when any would meet him and say "How are you" he always made the same answer, "I'm in a good temper," and he always was.

NORTHERN MINING & RAILWAY CO. STORE — This was located in the old Hotel building on the south east corner of Oak and River Streets. It was made into a store after the Wright Store burned in 1882 and was so used for 10 years. During that time Geo. Dexter Toothaker became associated with the company and was its President. He was a brother-in-law of Dr. W. Hunter. During his time Fred Robinson was bookkeeper. I came in as full time clerk and bookkeeper in the spring of 1886 and carried on until the company closed up business in 1892. George A. Heagy who had been with the company many years left in 1886 and moved to Sac County, Iowa, and went to farming. James Winans was a clerk also. Winans was Postmaster four years and had the Post Office in the store. In 1888 I was away for 3 months on a trip to Colorado and Geo. F. McNabney carried on for me during my absence. Frank Sikes helped me in the store a lot and drove the delivery wagon.



The Northern Mining Company Store. In those days it was generally called Heagy's Store. Left to Right, John Edelman, Jim Winans with mail bag, he was postmaster, George McNabney, John Hermes, G. D. Toothaker, Fred Robinson and some boy. The little building at right was Dr. Crapster's office. Then was a barber shop, photograph gallery, meat shop.

& Stoddard bought the building. The building was originally very similar in character and appearance to the Thomas & Baker Store but it was a little wider and longer. Heagy and Stoddard built on a frame addition to the north about doubling the size of the building. The front of the frame part was occupied by Dr. Warren Hunter as an office and drug store. The front room upstairs was an office occupied by Albert Wells, the rear half of the first floor of the addition was storage space for the store and the rear upstairs was two anterooms for the Lodge Hall. In the center was the stairway leading up. They finished off the Lodge Room, put in an arched ceiling, carpeted the floor and made it an attractive Lodge Room. It was occupied by the Ancient Order United Workmen, also the Druids and other orders.

Extensive operations were carried on in this building until 1882 when it was struck by lightning and burned. The bolt struck the northwest corner and ran down into the basement where we had a considerable amount of kerosene, miner's oil and other oils stored. These immediately caught fire and made a fierce hot fire and very little was saved from the building and the stock was a total loss. I well remember that when we arrived at the burning building a peculiar sight was there. The oil barrels in the basement burst and the burning oil ran down to the river and out on the water still burning and it looked like the river was on fire. I well remember holding a lantern for my cousin, George Heagy,

MRS. MARY GUCKERT — operated a Grocery Store in her house on North River Street for many years. A good picture of this house and store is in this book.

HENRY LIGHT — operated a store for many years in addition to the Frank Stevens house and his son Lloyd Light succeeded him and lately moved his store to the Fulscher Building on River Street.

MRS. ILA HOFFSTETTER has operated a store in her residence on the corner of Center Street and Broadway for several years.

DRUG STORES

Dr. George Vincent's Drug Store was the oldest and best known in the early days and he operated it for many years. The building is now gone but it will be remembered by the old timers. Many clerks worked there. I remember Ed Penfield, Dr. M. Arthur, Jos. W. Adams, and Geo. I. Vincent.

William Ferman operated a Drug Store in the Wright's Store building about 1875.

Dr. Warren Hunter had three offices and Drug Stores. The first was in the frame addition to the Wright's Store building, then after that burned he built a Drug Store and Office on the north east corner of Broad Street and Oak Street. That building is now gone. Then he moved to the south west corner of Oak and River Street and occupied that jointly with Henry Clark who was then postmaster.

MEAT SHOPS

The Butcher that was here the longest and that I remember best was John P. Lemmon. His shop was in the basement of his brick house. The shop opened on the alley between Front and Broad Streets near North Alley. He operated there for many years. We had other shops but none of them remained in the business long. Steve and Ed Wells, Charlie Sikes, Perry Willis and Schlenter and Raugh were some of them. Hampton has not had a meat shop for 20 years or more.

In the early days the local merchants bought most of their goods in St. Louis as that was the only market with which we had transportation. All the goods were shipped by steamboat. Some goods that were bought in eastern markets came by water also. After the railroad was finished from Chicago to Rock Island that made the Chicago market available and also goods shipped from the eastern markets could come by rail, and then St. Louis began to lose our trade. I can remember when my Father made several trips a year to Chicago to buy goods. Then very good wholesale grocery houses started in Rock Island and Davenport and most of our staple groceries came from them. Henry Daris Sons in Rock Island and Van Patten and Marks in Davenport furnished most of them.

Our flour came from mills at Wabasha and Winona, Minnesota and from Sabula, Iowa. Later we bought a lot of flour from the Phoenix Mill Company of Davenport and probably some of you can remember their "Maud S." We sold a lot of that brand. We used a lot of kerosene in those days as there were no electric lights. It all came in wooden barrels. There were no steel drums or tank wagon deliveries in those days. Then lard oil was another item. The miners burned it in their lamps and lubricating oil for engines and cars and by cars, I do not mean automobiles.

Then we had a source of supply for small articles that is not here now and that was the "Notion Wagons." They carried spool cotton and silk elastic, buttons, pencils, paper, ink, cigars, and a lot of other small articles that I can not just now mention. They came around about every month. I remember two men quite well, who operated these wagons. The first was Blair Denlinger of Port Byron and he sold out to H. E. (Bert) Casteel. Casteel in later years became president of the Rock Island National Bank, also the Central Trust and Savings Bank, both of Rock Island.

During the time the Bakers store was operating, they ran a

wagon that made trips into the country carrying quite a line of staple groceries, flour, sugar, coffee, tea, etc. This they traded to the farmers for butter and eggs. Then they shipped the butter and eggs to the Rock Island and Davenport market. Henry Light operated this wagon for many years and he had a wide circle of country customers.

SALOONS

Saloons we had in plenty in the early days. Erichies, Baumbach and Fred Wendel were way back. Fred Beck came about 60 years ago and opened the place in what we now call the Fulscher Building. Then Jim Vogel followed Beck and Jack Gribbon came next and after Gribbon there were several, there for short times only.

Jim Vogel built the saloon in the corner above the Wright Store building and below Guckert. This building burned. Vogel then built opposite the Thomas & Baker Store and that building still stands. He operated there for many years. After he quit there were others operated for short times. Can't remember their names—one was John Guinty.

Charlie Hanewacker operated for many years at the corner of River Street and North Alley. Then he was followed by John A. Mohr. This building is now gone. Jake Hermes operated for several years in the Vincent Drug Store Building. John and Susan Newell operated in a building that stood where the J. F. Oltmann house stands. That saloon was commonly known as "The Old Red Woman." John Loftus also operated for a time in a building near the depot. I believe there was also a saloon in the Mandler building now owned by Jake Hermes.

Saloons did a good business during the mining days but since then saloons have been few and now we have none.

In the old days all the saloons maintained ice houses to furnish them ice for their coolers.

The ice was cut from the river and stored in the houses and was covered with sawdust. When this ice harvest was going on, it was a busy time as quite a force of men was required as the cutting was done with hand saws and that was a slow process and mighty hard work to keep it up all day. Then the ice was loaded into wagons and hauled to the houses and other men placed it in position. Later on the ice plows came into use and that eliminated much of the hand sawing. There is not an ice house now in Hampton.



The Fulscher Building. This building is on the same site of the "Thompson House", built by Joel Thompson, Hampton's first postmaster. This building was erected about 1870 by Charles Hanewacker and was operated as a saloon by him and several others, i.e., Fred Beck, James Vogel and Jack Gribben. It was acquired by Jacob Fulscher who operated it as a Cigar Factory and Store. He also built the hall on the right. It is now operated as a general store by Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Light.

SCHOOLS

Schools have been in operation in Hampton just one hundred years. The centennial of this event was celebrated Sept. 6, 1936, with appropriate ceremony at the Village Hall. The first school was taught by Lucius Wells, as has been mentioned before. The first school house built for that purpose was located just south of the present school house, and has been described also. The next one was on the site of the present school and was of brick two stories high, two rooms on the first floor and one large room and two recitation rooms on the second storey.

It was in this building that I first attended school in 1873. May Sikes was my first teacher. She was the daughter of R. W. Sikes, and after married Dr. McArthur and moved to South Dakota. My recollection of what happened in my early years in the lower grades is hazy, but after I got "upstairs", I remember more about it. James T. Francis was one of the first teachers I went to in the upper room. One thing I remember about him was he interested me in mechanical drawing, and taught us how to use a drawing board, T square and triangle, and that was something new in our school. Mr. Francis afterward married Clara Thomas, who was one of my primary teachers. I very well remember attending their wedding.

The next teacher I remember was A. M. Beal. He was a very good penman, and made pretty good writers of many of us. They really taught penmanship in those days and many of his pupils got to be pretty fair penmen. They do not seem to pay much attention to that any more and most of the students today are miserable writers. Mr. Beal afterwards studied medicine, and practiced in Moline for many years.

Then came Walter C. Smith, and it was during his time that the old school building burned in 1879. Then we had to go into temporary quarters — the old Catholic Church which stood on

the hill behind where Geo. Wilkin lives was obtained. They ran a partition thru the center, making two rooms. The primary room had the east end and the "upstairs" took the west. Most of the desks and seats were saved from the fire and were used to fit up the temporary quarters. The "middle room" was quartered in the parochial school building north of the new Catholic church. W. C. Smith was still the teacher. In our end of the old church was the choir loft and gallery. All of the students could not be accomodated on the main floor, so seats and desks were placed in the gallery, and a dozen or more, all boys I believe, sat up there. Mr. Smith could not be in two places at once, and all classes were held on the main floor, so he could not give the gallery much attention. He could hear any noise, but could not see what caused it. It was remarkable how much devilment could go on without making much noise. Of course, any boy caught in any prank would probably get a licking, and then have to sit down stairs. We were in the temporary school one year and possibly longer. We probably did not learn a whole lot during that time, but we kept going.

Then the new building was finished with all new equipment and things got back to normal again. As I remember it I only attended one year in the new building, and then went to Port Byron Academy. W. C. Smith carried on as principal for several years. The south room on the second floor was not used, and in that they built a stage and we had many home talent shows. After Smith, there were several principals I remember. Geo. W. Wood, who afterwards was and is a prominent lawyer in Moline; Guy V. Pettit, now editor and owner of the "Reynolds Press." Wm. H. Conant, who married Sophia Black; Spurlock, Len Brown, and of course, many others. Mary B. Edelman carried on for many years as principal.



The school building as it was 50 years ago. Becky Robinson was one of the teachers. She is on the left of the doorway.

LIBRARY

BY-LAWS OF THE HAMPTON LIBRARY ASSOCIATION	
ART. 8. The annual meeting of this society shall be held on the first Saturday in September in each year, at which time officers shall be chosen for the ensuing year.	
ART. 9. Members of this society shall be entitled to draw one volume or more at a time, for each share; provided, the price of the books drawn at any one time shall not exceed two dollars.	
ART. 10. All persons drawing books from this library, shall return them within one month from the time of drawing the same.	
ART. 11. Any person failing or refusing to return books, according to article 10, shall forfeit and pay for the use of this society 10 cents for every week or part of a week so retained.	
ART. 12. Any person injuring or defacing any book, either by marking, writing, or in any other way, shall forfeit and pay for the use of the Society such sum as the Librarian may demand; provided, such person shall have the privilege of appealing to the prudential committee, whose decision shall be final.	
ART. 13. Any person lending a book out of their family shall forfeit and pay for the use of the society \$1.00 for each offense.	
ART. 15. These by-laws may be altered or amended at any annual meeting of the society, by a vote of two-thirds of the members present.	
GEORGE VINCENT, Librarian.	
No. _____	Cost \$ _____

Hampton had a Public Library away back in the early days. It is reported to have been organized in March 1855. Dr. George Vincent was the Librarian and the books were kept in his Drug Store. It is claimed that this was the first Library established in the county, but that may not be authentic. Some of these books were found in a box in the second floor of Mr. Black's store and Charlie Sikes has them. Charlie evolved the idea of soaking off one of the labels on one of these books for me to put in this article, and it shown below. Charlie was surprised to find a second label under the first showing that the book had previously belonged to the "Young Ladies' Library Association" which must have existed sometime prior. The date of the publication of the book, from which these labels were taken, was 1851; consequently, we can guess that the Young Ladies operated sometime around 1852 to 54. As this was well over 85 years ago, none of the Young Ladies are around now to ask them about it.

YOUNG LADIES' Library Association, HAMPTON, ILL.	
No. _____	
RULES.	
No person shall take more than one volume at a time.	
No volume shall be kept more than two weeks, though the same person may take the same volume two or three times in succession.	
If a volume be lost, injured or defaced, the person in whose hands it is, shall purchase a new copy for the library--after which, the injured copy shall become the property of such person.	

RAILROADS

Fifty years ago the railroad was quite a factor in the activity of this town and the depot was a busy place. Now all we get out of it is a big noise when the freight trains go by. Then we had four passenger trains each way every day but Sunday. Three of these trains made regular stops here and they got a lot of passengers. One, a fast train, the "Flying Dutchman", did not make any local stops. There was also one regular way freight each way a day, and that train always stopped and most always had freight for us. This was before the coming of the automobile and people visiting the nearby towns and having business in the cities used the trains for transportation. Now we do not have a passenger train on this division, and furthermore do not even have a depot and of course no agent. When the first railroad was built in 1860, it ran only as far north as Port Byron and was called

Then it was extended to Savanna and finally to Racine, and was called the Western Union Railroad; then it was taken over by the Chicago, Milwaukee and Saint Paul. The first depot was in the middle of the block between Oak and Locust Streets. This depot burned about 1880.

I have a reason to remember the destruction of this depot. My father had subscribed for an edition of "Encyclopedia Britannica", the books were seven dollars per volume, and were delivered by

express as fast as they were published. One morning Father was going to town, and I went to the train with him. A copy of the Encyclopedia had arrived, C. O. D., \$7.00. Father paid for it and told me to take it home. This I forgot all about, for as usual there was a lot of playing to be done that day, and plenty of boys to help. That night the depot was struck by lightning and burned, and also the book. So that particular volume of the set cost him \$14.00 instead of \$7. I probably should have had a good licking for not doing what I had been told to impress on me the necessity of obedience, but I have no recollection of the licking, so guess I did not get it. Father was a kindhearted man, and he probably spared the rod and spoiled the child.

We had many agents during my time. The first I remember was Mr. Gishwiller, then R. H. Coomes, J. A. Schmeltzer, and Emil Henline. Each of them was here many years. There were others here for short periods.

After the destruction of the old depot a new one was built south of the old one and nearer to Oak Street. Both of these depots had high platforms with ramps at each end. The railroad had a strong attraction for growing boys who like anything that has action. The more action, the better and greater the attraction. We all wanted to be engineers, conductors or

telegraph operators. The first boys of my age to take up telegraphing seriously were Charlie Stevens and Eugene McNabney. They became "students" at Port Byron Junction, finished their course, and got jobs. Gene McNabney only worked a short time, as his health failed and he died young. Charlie Stevens followed the business all of his life, and was an agent for the Illinois Central Railroad for many years.

The Hermes boys were born in the railroad business. Their father, Joseph Hermes, was section foreman here all of his life and naturally the boys just took to railroading. Nick, Jake, and Andy early got jobs braking and all got to be conductors. Nick followed it all of his life and died in the service. Jake left the road and followed other pursuits, and Andy is still at it. John and Ted both learned telegraphing and worked at it. Telegraphing was too slow for John, and he went firing and got to be an engineer and worked for the Rock Island. He was transferred to Oklahoma, and while running engine down there, he entered a drawing for government land when one of the new sections was opened, and he was lucky enough to draw a fine piece of farm land right in the town of Lone Wolf, Oklahoma. He then left the road and is still living down there. Clarence Stevens also went to

braking and got to be a conductor, went to Mexico and ran down there and I don't know where he is now.

Telegraphing interested a lot of us boys, and we played at it. One time we had a telegraph line all around town. There was one instrument in the depot and one in our store. Walt Black had one in his store and one in his house. Joe Mohr, Howard Baker, Clarence Stevens and others had instruments all connected up, and we had a lot of fun, but none of these ever got good enough to follow the business. Walt Black was a dining car conductor for the Rock Island for many years. John and Tom Thompson are both railroaders; Tom was an engineer and ran out of Sioux City, Iowa. Martin Arcularios was an engineer on the Rock Island and Julius McNabney was a brakeman on passenger trains out of Kansas City, and John Strachan was a freight brakeman. Charlie Pierce was a telegraph operator. John E. Baker lived here for a number of years while he was conductor on the coal train running from Watertown to Happy Hollow.

This shows that Hampton was well represented in the railroad business. In the early days of coal mining at Happy Hollow and before the stub track was built from Watertown, coal was hauled by wagons from the mines and loaded on cars here at Hampton.

HAPPY HOLLOW

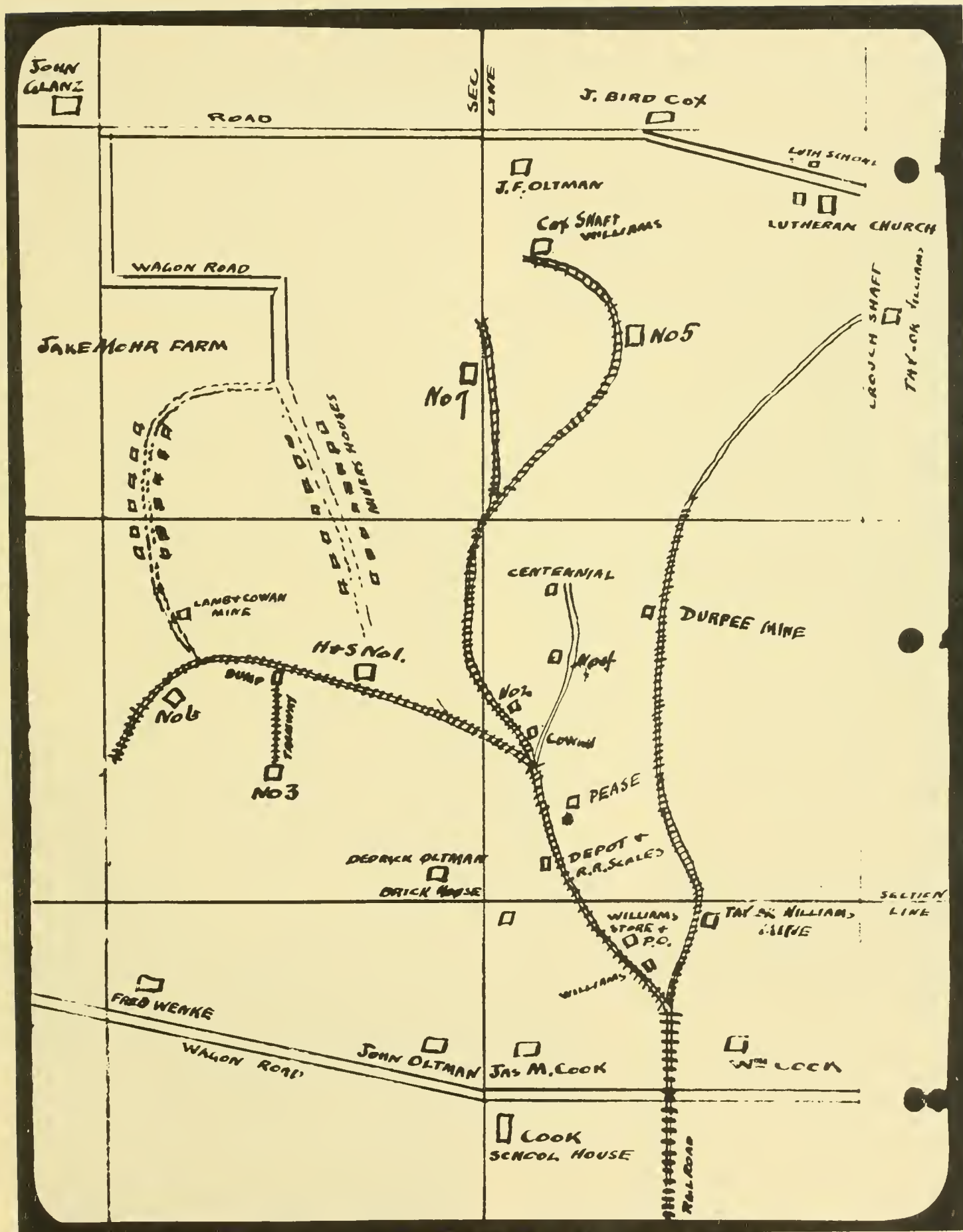
Countries where mining has been carried on all have their "Ghost" Cities, Towns, or Camps. Places where mining activities have ceased and the workings abandoned when the mineral played out. This vicinity had such a "Ghost Town", Happy Hollow, in which Hampton people were very interested. Prior to 1870 this Hollow was like hundreds of other that start from the low country and wind through the hills to the higher ground beyond. Covered with hardwood trees and hazel brush with a creek winding around through it, here and there the creek makes deep gashes as it cuts through the clay banks and a little further on flattens out over rock or gravel bottom. In the spring the wild flowers bloomed on the slopes and in the open places the May apples grew. Here and there were blackberry bushes. It was the home of countless birds, rabbits hopped around and squirrels played and romped in the trees. Everything was peaceful and quiet. It was that way in the sixties and it is that way today, seventy years after. There is hardly a trace of the devastation the miners made on the landscape in the seventies, and they made plenty. Coal mining operations, as carried on in those days, mussed up the face of the country terrible, but Old Mother Nature has a way of correcting such depredations and effacing the footprints of the destroyer. The rains wash down the fills and build up the holes and hollows, it also washes soil over the rock, slack and waste thrown out around the mines so that grass may grow again. Many sizeable trees have grown over those workings in sixty years. Even the railroad grades, which were ballasted with coal slack, show hardly a trace. Not a piece of lumber remains from any building and not a scrap of metal from any of the machinery or railroads.

The coal deposits in this vicinity are in small areas or "Pockets", as they are known. This is also on the north end of the coal deposits of this state, or what is known as the "Outcrop." There is no coal north of Happy Hollow, except one small pocket at Rapids City, three miles north. The north line of the coal runs across the state to the eastward, Cleveland, Atkinson, Spring Valley and LaSalle and no coal north of these points. The coal deposits run to the south end of the state and they get deeper as they go south until they are seven hundred feet deep down at the south end. The areas grow larger as they go south. There are a number of these small pockets in this area. Besides Rapids City and Happy Hollow the others are Cleveland and on the Moline Bluff at Porters, Silvis and Tinkerville and a small pocket at

Black Hawk Watch Tower, then at Briar Bluff, Warner, Coal Valley, Alpha, Cable, Gilchrist and Sherrard. The coal deposit in the Happy Hollow pocket was evidently pushed up from a lower level and was full of hills and dips. This made the coal very expensive to mine as often only a small area could be worked from each shaft. The deposit was less than a mile long north and south, and was wedge shaped, the point of the wedge being the mouth of the hollow, and less than a mile wide at the top.

Happy Hollow began to attract notice about 1870 when some prospectors drove a slope into the bank of the creek near where No. 1 was afterwards located and struck a good deal of coal very close to the surface. This brought on prospecting in other hollows near by and coal was found in some places and not in others. Heagy and Stoddard opened up their No. 1 and that started the activities that carried on for a dozen years. At the height of the activities there were probably three hundred men employed in and around the various mines. Some of them lived in Hampton, but most of them lived around the "Hollow." The homes were typical miner's homes that surround every coal mine. Their houses were generally built by the operator and never painted, in fact Happy Hollow and paint were strangers. Mining towns were not built for beauty. All the buildings around a mine are of more or less temporary nature and nobody wasted any money painting them. Soft coal is pretty dirty and the mining and handling of it is dirty business. When the miners came up out of the pit at night, after a strenuous day, they are black as "Niggers". You can hardly recognize a man that you know real well, but a liberal application of soap and hot water takes it all off. To try and remember the location of the various workings, the shafts, railroads, houses, stores, etc., I have drawn a map showing these locations. There are not many that remember the exact locations of these points. Charlie Sikes drew this map. He never worked in the mines, but in later years he cut logs all over this area and was well acquainted with the locations of the various workings while they were still visible. I have checked up on this with George McNabney, who worked in several of the mines, and so think that the map is fairly accurate as to these locations. The railroad tracks follow the low part of the Hollow crossing the ditch here and there as it followed its windings. There was also a wagon road in each hollow following close along the railroad.

So that's the story of a little "Ghost" town that has been gone many years and is now very nearly forgotten.



MINING

This period of some twenty years running roughly from 1870 to 1890 was the busiest time of Hampton's history. This was especially true of the '70s. I was not here in the early days of the 40s, 50s and 60s; they were busy they say, but I don't believe they were as lively as the mining days. Compared to the activities since 1890, the difference is very marked. Possibly it was because my people were so active in the mining operations that it made so much of an impression on my memory.

The miners were so different from the old people who formerly lived here. They were a rough and ready lot. They worked hard, lived well, spent their money freely and had a good time. Many of the miners came from the East, especially Pennsylvania. They were Irish, English and Welsh descent mostly. Like miners everywhere, many of them liked their drink. When they worked they worked hard, and when they drank they drank hard. There was no halfway; they did not drink when they worked. The saloons had a rushing business on Saturday nights, especially if that happened to be a pay day.

There were plenty of fighting Irish among them, and when they got steamed up there were sure to be fights. There were no guns or knives involved in these fights, just fists, so generally no one was very badly hurt, just a few black eyes and a lot of sore heads and bruises that soon healed. I have seen three fights going on at once on Front Street on a pay night. The miners' wives and women folks were not shrinking clinging vines; they were red blooded hard working and able to settle their differences the same way the men did.

I well remember witnessing one of these settlements of differences. I was just big enough to drive the delivery wagon, and was taking some groceries to Braddigans' Patch. This Patch was about a dozen miners' houses facing a single street. I heard a tremendous outcry of womens' voices back of the houses, yells and howls interspersed with some very fluent profanity. Like any kid I wanted to see the fun and did, but I had to make my escape quickly when it was over, or I probably would have got my ears boxed soundly had I stayed. Two women were having a fierce rough and tumble fight, and it was no parlor pastime; no holds barred; no quarter asked or expected. The smaller woman had been the aggressor, and had run into a beautiful trimming. It had been raining and the fight ended up in a mud hole. The smaller had lost most of her clothes, was covered with mud, her long hair was hanging down, matted with mud; her nose was bleeding profusely, and she surely was a sight. But the fight was over and there was no question of who had won. It was time for me to get out, and I got.

Around a coal mine, the company store was an institution about which most of the activities revolved. It was the office where the accounts were kept, where the men received their pay, and where the men and women bought their supplies. Accounts with the miners ran on a monthly basis. It was the custom in these days for the miners to buy the most of the goods they needed for the month on the first. In this way they got the goods before they paid for them, as it would be taken out of their pay for work that they had not yet done. In this way, they were ahead of the company for at least two weeks each month. Consequently the first of the month were a few days of intense activity around the company store. The miner women came in and ordered all the staple groceries they needed for the month. This ran into quite a bill, depending on the size of the family and how many boarders they had. Flour was a large item, as there was no baker's bread sold in those days, and they had to bake their own bread, and miners ate a lot of it. So each order always started off with four or six or more fifty-pound sacks of flour. And speaking of flour, when things were going good, we used always to order a carload of flour for the first of the month's business and delivered it right out of the car, and we would have very little left to put in the store after the rush was over.

Then, after flour came the other regular staples, sugar, coffee, tea, beans, canned goods, and dozens of other articles. In those

days groceries came in bulk, and not all done up in packages ready for delivery to customers, as now. Consequently, to get ready for this rush the clerks worked for days putting them up in packages. Then, again we did not have paper bags in those days either, and everything had to be done up in plain wrapping paper. For instance, it was some trick to tie up ten pounds of white navy beans in a single sheet of paper. If you don't believe it, try it some time and see how many of the beans land on the floor. I well remember when the first packages of roasted coffee came out. I think it was Arbuckles coffee. Even crackers came in barrels and had to be tied up in packages. The same was true of salt, pepper, oatmeal, sugar, and plenty of other things. The amount of plug chewing tobacco we sold was remarkable. These miners surely did grind up a lot of it. The stores carried drygoods, boots, shoes, notions, hardware and even sewing machines. The clerks had long hours, as the store opened at six in the morning and closed at nine at night. All the rest of the time they had to themselves.

Our store was always at Hampton, and most of the deliveries had to be made to Happy Hollow and afterwards to Tinkerville.

When the brick store (built by Wright) burned in 1882, the Company was up against it for a location. They owned the hotel building on the corner of Oak and River Streets (now owned by Grace Jackson). They got the tenant out, and tore out a lot of partitions, built some new counters and shelves, and carried on there for some ten years.

When mining operations were opened at Happy Hollow, all of the coal produced had to be hauled by teams to Hampton and then loaded on cars. That was expensive. The Western Union RR as it was called then, was impressed with the possibilities of business at Happy Hollow. There is no coal produced north of this vicinity, and the railroad needed a lot of this coal for their own use, and there was promise of the sinking of several other shafts if transportation could be furnished, and the railroad needed the extra tonnage; so they built a stub track from Watertown to Happy Hollow and the venture was justified by a large production for ten years or more. When we moved the mining operation to Tinkerville the transportation proposition was not so easy. The mines there were on a high plateau and the building of a railroad to them would have been an expensive operation. The field did not appear large, and the railroad did not consider the possible tonage in prospect justified such an expenditure. Our company lost most of the money they made in Happy Hollow in the venture in Mattoon and did not have the capital to finance a railroad themselves. They solved the problem another way. They built a narrow guage tram road from Tinkerville to Port Byron Junction (now East Moline), on this they operated cars



The Odendahl Shaft at Tinkerville

carrying four tons and hauled them by horses. This road required a high bridge across Hamers' Hollow — near where the Short Hills Country Club is now. Then from the top of the hill back of where the John Deere School now stands in East Moline, they built a high trestle work way out over the Bottom and high over the Rock Island tracks to a dump on the Milwaukee tracks. This trestle cut right across what is now the best part of East Moline. It was pretty much of a swamp in those days. The cost of this tramway and the opening of the mines at Tinkerville absorbed all of the capital our people had. It was never possible to operate these mines at a profit on account of this transportation cost. About 1890 the market price of coal declined rapidly because of the opening of large mines further south that produced coal at a much lower cost, and so the inevitable happened. The company had to suspend in 1892, and the expenditure was a total loss. That ended the coal activities as far as Hampton was concerned.

There are a lot of men who worked for us and with us during the mining days that I would like to mention by name, so their names at least will not be forgotten. Most of them of course have passed on.

One who is still with us is Charles E. Lee. He is now past ninety. He was a good friend of my father's long before the mining times. He, it was when the coal was discovered in Happy Hollow advised my father and Mr. Stoddard to take a lease on some of that land and open up a mine. Our people knew nothing about mining coal, and hesitated about going into the venture. Charlie did know something about it, and was convinced that plenty of money could be made and he was right. He was with our people in almost all of their operations. He was particularly skilled in sinking shafts, and had his hand in most of those operations. He saw the business come and go, and he is here yet.

The following I personally remember, but of course this is only a small part of them:

Ezra Wilcher, John Bishop, John Devinney, Sam Devinney, Ed Early were engineers.

Isaac Keller, Henry Nichols
Joe Atkinson, Wm. Campbell
Tom Harrison

watchmen
blacksmith
Pit Boss

Fred L. Chick weighed and dumped more coal than any one man; his service ran thru the Happy Hollow and Tinkerville mines.

Julius McNabney was also a weigher and also a miner.

Geo. F. McNabney, who is still alive, was in all kinds of jobs over many years, mule driver, car trimmer, miner, clerk and bookkeeper in the company store.

John Mahoney (Pat) trimmed cars for many years.

Job Sutton, Alex Morton, Fred Hanson, Geo. Weaver, Reg. Nichols were handy men.

Charlie Hill was a teamster for many years.

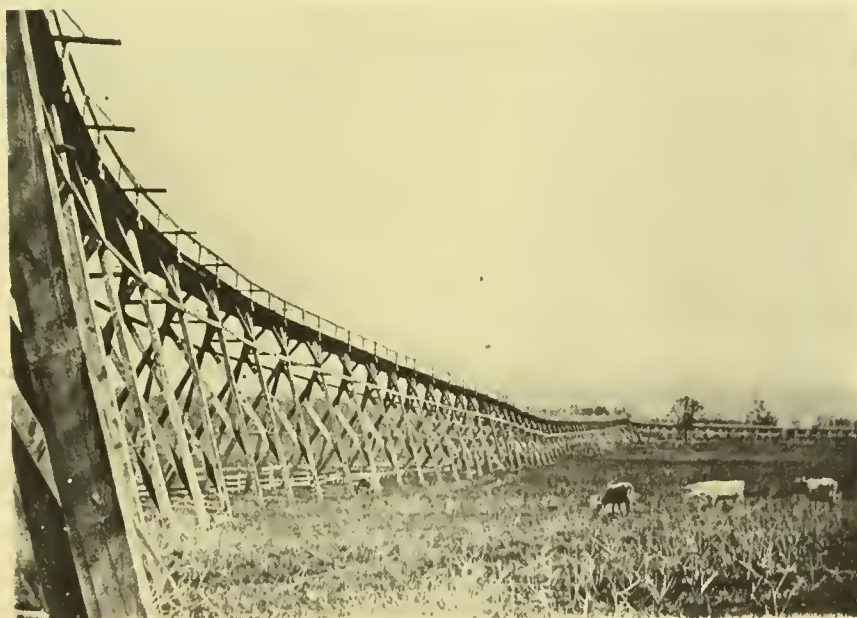
A few miners who are still living, among them, Geo. McNabney, Orrin Cook, Jim Lee, Jim McGinnis.

The names of a few miners who have passed on: Wm. Mohr, John A. Mohr, Jacob Mohr, Oliver Cook, Jack Gribben, Robert Calvert, John Calvert, Henry Hardy, Wm. Jacobs, Tom Manuel, Pat Braddigan, Sam Burgess, Henry Dunker, Geo. Thompson, Wm. Stone, Hugh Weaver, Sam Spargo, Ed O'Neil, Isaac Vipond, Peter Strachan, Dominique Mielot.

The coal train on the stub was operated by John E. Baker, conductor. Wright Engineer, and Charles and Wash Livergood, brakemen. Mr. Baker ran for several years, and then returned to a regular passenger run between Savanna and Rock Island. Charles Livergood became a conductor. L. C. Lewis was agent at Happy Hollow and Captain Pierce was weigher.

In the best times Happy Hollow shipped forty cars of coal a day. The cars in those days were small, only holding ten to fifteen tons each — not much like the fifty ton steel coal cars of today. The quality of Happy Hollow coal was good, and always had a ready sale. The Tinkerville coal was not so good in quality as it had some "bone" in it.

My old friend, Geo. F. McNabney, several years ago wrote a very comprehensive series of articles on the history of Happy Hollow which were published, and with his permission I am going to add them here. George had personal knowledge of the events he wrote about, and they are authentic. They are the only extensive articles on this subject that I know of.



Trestle work on the narrow guage road, starting at the top of the bluff back of the John Deere School in what is now East Moline extending out over what is now the business section of East Moline, high over the Rock Island railroad tracks then turning right along the Milwaukee tracks where the coal was dumped into railroad cars.

MILLS

I have mentioned the mill built and operated by Lucius Wells, but it was gone before my time. The Norton mill was in operation, however, for many years. This mill was built by William H. Luce, altho I do not know that he ever operated it. It was operated by George McMurphy, Senior and Junior for many years. It was both a saw and grist mill and ran by steam power. The saw mill had a "muley" saw, that is a long straight saw running up and down. They cut mostly oak logs. There was a demand then for oak lumber for building steamboats and barges at both Rock Island and LeClaire. There was a good supply of large oak logs in the woods back of town, and much of this lumber

was produced. George McMurphy said he often cut oak boat gunwales thirty feet long, two and half feet wide and eight inches thick, and that would take a very large oak tree to furnish a log large enough to cut such lumber.

The grist mill drew customers from miles around, even way over in Iowa. Mr. McMurphy said that it was often necessary to run the mill all night to get the grain ground for the farmers so they could get back home for the next day's work.

Mr. H. O. Norton was operating the mill when I first remember it. He called it the "Bluff Mills", and his flour was put up in fifty pound paper sacks. Clatus Glanz was the sawyer in those days.



Norton Grist and Saw Mill

BANDS

Hampton had had two bands during my lifetime. The first, organized in 1868 I cannot remember. I think that this band was not in existence many years, or I should have remembered something about it. All of the members have passed on. Six of them I knew well, as they lived for many years after their band days. The members numbered ten, and their names as given by Peter Cewe, the last survivor were as follows:

George Baumbach	Chris McDaniel
John Cewe	William McNabney
Peter Cewe	Reuben W. Sikes
Samuel Devinney	Ezra Wilcher
Henry Clatus Glanz	Nicholas Wildermuth

The second band was organized in 1879, and I know all about that, for I was a member. I was the kid member, as I was only thirteen years old at the time. The others were all from five to fifteen years older. Deacon Clark was the oldest of the lot, and Sam Crompton was the next.

When it was decided to organize this band and the men signed up, a price was obtained on the set of instruments, and each paid

in the same amount. This was done because none of the members could play any band instrument, so it could not be certain who could play what instrument until they tried it out. As I remember it, however, the original distribution remained pretty well, and there were few changes. The original members and their instruments were as follows:

Joseph W. Adams	Clarinet	now deceased
Ernest Baumbach	E Cornet	" "
Henry Clark	B Bass	" "
Samuel S. Crompton	Baritone	" "
Charles Fullerton	Tenor	" "
Geo. A. Heagy	Alto	" "
Morris S. Heagy	Snare Drum	
William LaPoint	Alto	
George Mandler	Bass Drum	" "
Eugene McNabney	E Cornet	" "
Geo. F. McNabney	B Cornet	
Julius McNabney	E Bass	" "
Ephraim A. Willis	Solo Alto	" "

We were not superstitious for we started with thirteen members. The meeting place for practice was Crompton's Hall, and I think for the first few months we were pretty much of a nuisance to the neighbors for every man was tooting away for dear life, practicing on his particular instrument. Joe Ramsey, of Rapids City, was our first teacher. He was good at it, and had a lot of patience, and in a surprisingly short time he had us playing simple tunes. Ramsey could not play the snare drum, so I went over to Uncle Eph Warren, and he imparted to me the first principles of the art. Uncle Eph was not a brass band drummer, but he sure did know how to play martial music, and he soon got me so I could get along pretty well. All of the boys were green at their jobs. Joe Adams and Ernest Baumbach were pretty good on the violin and knew something about music, so they of course took on the lead instruments. The boys were industrious and kept at it and we soon got to be a pretty good country band. We were not ashamed to go anywhere and play, for we could play just as well as the bands in which we came into competition. The only thing we had in the way of uniforms were blue caps trimmed with gold braid and a red and white feather pompon. In place of the pompon, we had a small lamp for playing at night, but the lights were not much of a success. The band was always in demand for church chicken dinners and similar doings, and we ranged around the surrounding country and towns. We developed some champion eaters, and the amount of provender which they could stow away was remarkable.

The band lived along for seven or eight years and, of course, with some changes in personnel. Paul Guckert, George Vincent, and Billy Campbell were in for a time. Then along in 1886 and 1887 many of the boys left town, and there did not seem to be any one to take their places and the band had to quit. Joe Adams and George Vincent went to college and became druggists. Ernest Baumbach went farming over in Pleasant Valley. Sam Crompton, George and Julius McNabney moved to Moline. Charlie Fullerton, George Heagy, Bill LaPoint, and George Mandler all moved away to different places, and those left could not carry on.

The band was active during the presidential campaigns of 1880 and 1884, and had many chances to play for campaign meetings. Bill Edelman, our local liveryman bought a red band wagon and had four bay horses to pull it, and with Bill McPheters to drive them (and he knew how to drive four horses) we made a good appearance away from home. Our first big job was at Cleveland on July 4, 1880, when we played for a celebration of our own in Olmann's Grove, and one fourth we were at Osborn or Joslyn. One campaign we journeyed to Cambridge for a big rally. We were hired by Cleveland and that vicinity, and had to report there at Six o'clock in the morning. We were at the Ferry before that time, playing a tune for the ferry to come after us. The clans were gathering and we soon started for Cambridge twenty miles away — some drive with horses — and we arrived in time for the grand parade at about ten o'clock and marched all over town. Then a fine gentleman, I have forgotten his name, invited our band to dinner and it was a good one, and we were hungry, having had breakfast at before five o'clock. I guess the women folk that we were harvest hands, the amount we ate, but there was plenty. We played for our host and sang him songs. At two o'clock was the speaking and Gov. Shelby M. Cullom was the principal speaker. We did not get away until nearly dark, and got lost getting back, but finally arrived home very late and very tired.

One presidential campaign we hired out to play for the Republicans at a big night rally at Moline, and the Democrats also had a rally there the same night. The town of course was jammed with two parades the same evening. We had only got started in the Republican Parade when some row started among our band members, I don't remember now what it was about, but several quit and that broke up the band for that night. Just then I heard Bill Ferman playing about two blocks away on another street. Two blocks were not far to hear Bill, so I grabbed my drum and ran over and fell in with Bill, and the Warrens and played the balance of the evening for the Democrats. I don't remember whether we ever got any pay for playing for the Republicans; anyway we should not have received anything for we sure did not earn anything.

I remember one incident that occurred on the 4th of July we played in Cleveland. Charlie Fullerton got acquainted with the girls and was busy dancing with them when we got ready to leave for home. We tooted horns for him and waited quite a while and finally drove on down to the ferry a mile away. There were several teams ahead of us, and we had to wait. It was a hot day. Just as we were about to go on the ferry, Charlie came down the road all hot and bothered and not in a very good humor. Sam Crompton said, "Tippy, you seem to be all het up." Charlie did not like the nickname of Tippy and he blew up. He never used swear words, but this was an unusual occasion. So he just had to do something, and he slammed his horn on the wagon wheel and threw it down in the road and yelled, "Everlastingly doggon Sam Crompton, you come down here and I'll beat you up." All he got was a roar of laughter. The ferry was ready to go and it was a long walk to Hampton, so he climbed into the wagon and never spoke a word all the way home.

One Christmas or maybe it was New Years, someone proposed we go over to Pleasant Valley and serenade the folks over there. The river was frozen, but the weather had been warm for some time and the ice was none too good, but we were walking and took a chance. We got over and had a good time, and started back and when we got down to the river the ice had moved down a ways, then jammed and stopped. We found a place where we could get on the solid ice and started and did not dally around much on the way, for we expected the ice to go any minute. Deacon Clark had a bum leg on account of carrying a Rebel rifle ball which he accumulated in the Civil War. This made him lame and he carried a cane, but when we set out on the run across that ice, Deacon forgot about being lame and he was not the last one across by any means. Well, we got across all right and none the worse for our trip and in time for our Christmas or New Years dinner. The folks at home, however, were pretty much worried when they saw us make the start, and they thought they had a good chance to lose several perfectly good citizens.

During the band's life we had several leaders, Joe Adams, Ernest Baumbach, George McNabney and Eugene McNabney. John Bleuer of Rock Island was our teacher for a time after Joe Ramsey. Eugene McNabney passed away during the band's existence. I well remember the day of his funeral, we had a very hard snow storm, and in the march up the hill to the cemetery the snow was knee deep. Gene was the best player on the cornet we ever had. He played with the mouthpiece well on the side of his mouth, probably on account of some irregularity of his front teeth. He did not like the mouthpiece that came with his cornet, so he made one himself out of a wooden spool, and it worked fine.

In looking back on my experiences with this band, I find we had a very good time. I was a boy associated with older men, but they were not so much older that they did not have enough boy in them to always be ready for a good time. They were a fine, clean lot of men, not a bad one among them. Just the kind of men a little country town in the Middle West like this produces. The kind of men, one is glad to remember having been associated with.

Eight of the original 13 have now passed one. One, Charlie Fullerton, we have lost track of and we don't know whether he is alive or not.

George McNabney and I always have a lot of fun talking about the good times we had while playing with this band.

ELECTION DAYS

Election days in the early days were always interesting and busy times. Then, at general elections, the whole township voted at Hampton — Carbon Cliff, Rapids City, Barstow and Watertown. I wrote Silvis, but there was no Silvis in those days. I might add also that there was no East Moline either. That was called Port Byron Junction and had two depots and one house, and was mostly a frog pond in those days. George Crawford raised watermelons where the big railroad shops are now.

When I first remember election days, the voting was done at the old Town House that stood south of the school house. It was a one story, low brick building, which was built for a school house. It had solid board blinds at the windows to keep the kids from breaking thru and needed them for around this house, the kids played constantly when not in school. It was a particularly good place to play "Andy Over."

Men did not go to the polls then and hurry back to work. They made a holiday of it, came early and stayed all day. My mother knew that there surely would be visitors to dinner that day and could guess pretty well who part of them would be. Sharp and Ship Silvis, George Church from Carbon Cliff way, Sam Wainwright from the bluff, R. M. Mitcnell from Rapids City, and generally several others. They were all Democrats. Presidential election days were the best, for then everybody came to vote and visit. Presidential campaigns were stirring times for us boys. We were, of course, strenuous partisans on the side our fathers voted. There were meetings with speeches, flag raisings, torch light processions with bands and fife and drums. We had the best fifer in seven states or seventeen either, for no one could play the fife like Bill Ferman could. He had been a fifer in the Civil War and played an octave above its ordinary tone, and the volume and shrill tone was wonderful. Nothing could drown him out. When we went down to the cities to the big meetings Bill was in his element for no one could beat him.

The drummers for the Democrats were generally Uncle Eph Warren and his two sons, By and Ed, and sometimes I helped out. Uncle Eph taught me to beat a snare drum when I started in the brass band.

Presidential years we had campaign flags on River Street. They would hunt the woods over for tall straight hickory trees, plant one on each side of the street, run a rope over the street and suspend the big flag with the names of the candidates sewn on the bottom. The law prohibits sewing names on flags now, but not in those days. These flags floated proudly for two or three months before election and the winner would float several weeks after.

Hampton had one fine flag pole. It was located at the north end of Broad Street. It was probably erected in the late fifties. I can just remember when it was there and it probably was taken down about 1870. I can not remember seeing a flag on it. It was octagonal in shape and painted white but the paint was about all gone in my time. I have no idea how high it was but to me as a kid it seemed to reach up to the clouds.

Each party would have at least one big rally during the campaign when the silver tongued orators from the cities would come up and point with pride and view with alarm. The local committee would borrow a hundred or so torches so all of the local faithful could join in the parade. Some times a marching club from the city would come and show off to the country town.

One of these marching clubs that I especially remember was the Flambeau Club of Rock Island, led by Captain Hugh Andrew Jackson McDonald (now postmaster). They had gaudy uniforms and carried a special torch of large oil capacity and wick, and a tube running from the wick down to the mouth piece, and the carrier would blow in the tube and the flame would leap several feet in the air. They were well drilled and put on a fine show. When they came out to the country towns, it was a great treat.

The general elections were on strictly party lines and it was generally pretty well known whether a man was a Democrat or a Republican, and it was seldom they changed their politics. The independent voter who voted for men instead of party was rare. Of course, there was always a floating vote that went the way it

got the most out of it, whether it be money or beer. Political arguments were many and very spirited. In my early days the Civil War had only closed a few years and that was still a factor. In Township elections, the voting was more for men than party, and when it got down to election for school director it was red hot.

I well remember one village election along about 1890 or 1891. H. O. Norton had been village president for many years, and had run the village affairs just about in his own way, and no body else had much to say about it. Some of the younger men who had not been voting long got rather tired of it, as boys will. The night before election several young fellows were in our store. The evening mail was in and distributed, and all of the old men had gone home to bed. We got to talking about the election on the morrow, and some one said that probably Norton would be elected again. Then some one said we could beat him if we worked right. So we made a list of the voters — there were only 90 votes in the village at that time. It was long before the women voted. After a careful canvas of the list, we decided that 50 could be induced to vote against Norton if they were properly approached. It was decided to run me for Village President, and Henry Nichols for Clerk; and I cannot remember now who the three trustees were. So we cut some paper and wrote the ballots. The scheme was to divide the fifty names up among the ones present and we would start out and get them out of bed, tell them about the plan, and if they approved give them a ticket and ask them to vote it the first thing in the morning, saying nothing to anyone who was on the ticket. The scheme seemed to find favor, and it worked.

I did not go down to vote the next morning until the mail was in, and distributed which was about 9:30. The election was in the old village hall between Black's Store and Crompton's Shop. Bill Edelman was judge of election, and the board were all Norton men. When I came in, I said, "Good Morning, Bill. How's election going." Bill said, "Somebody is elected, but I don't know who." He had counted the little ballots all alike, and there were enough to elect, but he had not seen what names were on them. He knew that Norton was beaten, and he was. The funny part of it was they did not find who was on the ticket until they opened the ballot box. Not one of the fifty said a word all day, so the board put in a miserable day of waiting. Do you think we could have kept that quiet for a whole day had the women been voting in those days? I had on the council three trustees with me and three against, and for the first two or three meetings every vote was three and three and I had to decide the matter. Then one meeting Bill Mohn who was one of the hold over trustees, said, "That's enough of this d-d foolishness; let's attend to business and play ball," and they did and we got along fine the whole year. I might mention, however, that Norton never forgave me for that trick to his last day. I might also add here that at that election I evened up an old score that I had charged up against Norton. A year or so before I had been a candidate for township clerk. Norton had thrown his influence to my opponent, and I was licked; so it gave me a great deal of personal satisfaction to return the compliment.

Then, as now and always, politics is a game of wits. The "Ins" against the "Outs". The "Ins" want to stay in and the "Outs" want to get in. Personal qualifications of the candidates and party issues are generally secondary.

I well remember when the Australian ballot law was passed and the first time it was used at a Presidential election in 1888 or 1892. It was a new thing and I was on the election board, and we had a time with that election. It was new to everybody and much explaining had to be done. It was broad day light the next morning before we got those votes counted. Previously to that time, each party printed their own ballots. I have a couple of real old ones which are on the opposite page. We did not have any radios in those days to get election returns quickly. Sometimes we would know the next day who was elected president, and sometimes not for two days for sure, and in the election of 1876 it was not known for several weeks whether Hayes or Tilden had been elected.

Union Ticket

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

For Electors for President and Vice President.

JOHN DOUGHERTY,
F. ANCIS A. LOFFMANN,
BENJAMIN M. PRENTISS,
JOHN V. FARWELL,
ANSON S. MILLER,
JOHN V. EUSTAGE,
JAMES S. POAGE,
JOHN I. BENNETT,
WILLIAM T. HOPKINS,
FRANKLIN BLADES,
JAMES C. CONKLING,
WILLIAM WALKER,
THOMAS W. HARRIS,
NATHANIEL M. McCURDY,
HENRY S. BAKER,
ZEPHAN S. CLIFFORD.

FOR GOVERNOR.

RICHARD J. OGLESBY

FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR.

WILLIAM BROSS

FOR SECRETARY OF STATE.

SHARON TYNDAL

FOR AUDITOR OF PUBLIC ACCOUNTS.

O. H. MINER.

FOR STATE TREASURER.

JAMES H. BEVERIDGE

FOR SUP. OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

NEWTON BATEMAN.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS FOR THE
STATE AT LARGE,

SAMUEL W. MOULTON

FOR REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS 4TH DIS-
TRICT,

ABNER C. HARDING

FOR SENATOR, 31ST DISTRICT

ALFRED WEBSTER

FOR REPRESENTATIVE 47th DISTRICT.

JOSEPH W. LLOYD

FOR STATE ATTORNEY—3d DISTRICT.

CHARLES C. WILSON.

For Circuit Clerk,
SAMUEL P. HODGES.

For Sheriff,
MOSES D. MERRILL.

For Coroner,
DR. A. J. GROVER.



Democratic Union Ticket.

ELECTION TUESDAY April 7th, 1863.

For Supervisor,
LUCIUS WELLS.

For Town Clerk,
C. EDWIN WALKER

For Assessor,
HENRY S. SHURTLEFF

For Collector,
SAMUEL HEAVY

For Commissioner of Highways
JOHN ADAM MOHR

For Constables,
JOHN MOCK
SAMUEL D. WAINWRIGHT

For Overseer of the Poor,
WILLIAM B. WEBSTER

UNION TICKET.

For Supervisor,
WILLIAM B. WEBSTER.

For Town Clerk,
LEONARD F. BAKER.

For Assessor,
HENRY S. SHURTLEFF.

For Collector,
GEORGE R. WELLS.

For Commissioners of Highways,
MICHAEL BARTLETT.
EDWIN RHODES.

Isaac Hainwright

*For Overseer of Poor,

Cover Design - Courtesy of JAMES GILLESPIE,
a former Hampton resident

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